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Miscellaneous Selections.

A DAY OF MEMORIES.

BY C. P. CRANCH.

This is the road—up through the corn and clover;
And yonder, the first turning, is the lane;
And that's the house—they've painted it all over
So white, I scarce should know the old place again.

Yet the same dear old house: how well I know it!
Though changed, and with another face like me.
'Twas here love taught me first to be a poet—
Or think I was—the rhyming flowed so free.

Still round the porch the honeysuckles clamber,
But thicker grown, where hand in hand we stood,
And watched the crimson clouds and sky of amber
Grow gray and dusk beyond the distant wood.

That was her window; there I serenaded
Once in the moonlight of a night in June.
The verses were my own. I sang unaided,
Save by my light guitar, my summer tune.

Ah, what warm sonnets did my muse then scatter,
Like wild and golden fruitage from a tree;
And knew that naught I wrote or sang could flatter
One who outshone all pearls of poesy.

And she was won, and we were pledged forever;
And yet were parted—why, I hardly know,
Some fate, but dimly known, befell to sever
Two who seemed one—so many years ago.

The dear old place! the landscape still unaltered;
The stream below, the cedar trees above;
The same stone wall, and lilacs, where I faltered
The first words, strange and sweet, of boyish love.

Here up the lane the broad elms still are growing,
Each bough unscarred, but larger than of yore.
Yet yonder, where that stranger now is mowing,
I see they've felled my favorite sycamore.

How could they do it! In its shade we parted.
Or was it wrecked by storm or lightning blaze,
Like those who kissed their last there—broken-hearted—
At least they thought so, in those tender days?

And yonder was a stately beech tree, slanting
Across the stream; there once I carved her name.
'Tis gone, and flags and water-weeds are flaunting
Along the brookside, changed, yet still the same.

That parting was like death; but youth's elastic.
And hers recovered—so did mine at last.
The world is wide, and human hearts too plastic
To harden in an unrelenting past.

And, far apart her path and mine diverging,
Each with its separate cares and hopes and dreams,
Long since was stilled young love's tumultuous surging,
Long since new ties have dimmed those early gleams,

And yet, though wounds will heal, the scars forever
Cling to the flesh that quivered once, now still;
And there are times when boyhood's pain and fever
Will come again with momentary thrill.

So, while I roam about these well-known places,
Haunted by visions all so sadly sweet,
Those tender tones of old, those mystic graces,
Seemed to prelude the flying of her feet.

Those tones will come no more but in my dreaming,
Too vague to take a shape in uttered words;
Those footsteps in a world remote are gleaming,
Mine only when I touch the poet's chords.

—*Galaxy for June.*

MARGARET HEMMING.

THERE was a half-holiday at Howe's Flat, and the people were gathered at the express and post-offices, to await the arrival of the semi-weekly mule-train with its express and mail matter, and customary freight of passengers.

The occasion of the holiday and concourse was the expected return of John Hemming, who had gone to the "Bay," to meet his wife and child upon their arrival from the "States."

John was held in great consideration at Howe's Flat, not only because he was the chief owner in sundry very important mines, but for the reason as the miners expressed it, "He came as near being a White man as any they make."

A cloud of dust announced the coming of the train. In the advance rode the conductor, accompanied by a bright-eyed lad of some eight years, who saluted the people with "Good evening, gentlemen, I am Johnny Hemming; please help me down."

While Johnny was fast making friends by his prattle, his audience was called away by a loud shout from the street, and the exclamation, "John Hemming in a biled shirt and a plug hat, or I'll be blowed!'

Hemming and wife, who had lingered in the rear of the train, to keep out of the dust, now rode up—she, to be introduced to, he to encounter the greetings of, his numerous friends.

The comments of the people upon Mrs. Hemming were altogether favorable; not so hers upon them. "Barbarians!" was her sententious remark.

Margaret Hemming was an intellectual woman—not that she was entirely wanting in womanly sympathy, or in a spiritual nature, but these lay within her uncultivated—her intellect alone was developed. Married and left by herself while yet scarcely more than a child in years, she had calmly surveyed the situation. She hoped John would return from California with a fortune, and she determined to qualify herself for the position which wealth gives in every community.

She thought, also, of the possibility of his failure of success, and of his death, even, and said to herself, "Then, for the sake of the unknown future, and that I may make the most of life, I will achieve what I may; acquisitions never come ...s."

...der other influences, John had obtained his development. Neither books ...rated people informed his mind, ...d his manners; but he had seen ...ld and had learned that there are ... things in heaven and earth than ...dreamed of in philosophy. He saw ...t every man and woman is more sinned against than sinning, and his heart was inspired with love. He struggled with difficulties, and acquired faith; encountered life's varied experiences, and learned charity.

When these two people met in California, after their long separation, it was to be bitterly disappointed. To John, Margaret was a statue, done in ice—clear, glittering, cold; to Margaret, John was an image of clay—dull, heavy, wanting.

Her manners were refined; his were coarse. Grace distinguished her every ...ion; he was awkward and ungainly. ...as mistress of all the arts of pleas... while he had no deft ways but rath... blunt sincerity, often offensive, even ... performance of the kindest acts. ...uld there be harmony? His gen... ...ked by that of his wife, John could ...mfort in her presence, but fled ... the more congenial society of ...

...on; a year had passed. The ...erving the outward rela... ...and wife, were scarce... and...

"Patience," sneered Margaret. "Have patience, while my best years are wasting, while I am growing old before my time, while rust is corroding all the faculties of my mind. Have patience, to endure the horrible sameness of existence in this miserable town, in quiet respectability. No, no; I cannot endure simply to be. I must live; must have. If the society and surroundings I crave are denied me, I will make the most of what is at hand. I will not be immured in a living tomb. Society is here a chaos, but there shall be balls and gatherings."

Then John would answer, dreamily, "Happiness is from within."

Margart fulfilled her threat. Ball succeeded ball. Motley crowds of people were drawn together, and over the assemblages she reigned a queen. At her house was found a welcome for all those brilliant men with whom the mines were infested, who, their imaginations being in the ascendant over their judgments, suffer shipwreck early in the voyage of life, and ever after live by their wits, becoming gamblers and sharpers. For a time, to save appearances, Hemming escorted his wife when she went out, and tolerated at his own house the presence of unwelcome guests, but this could not last. The time came when he said to her, that, for the future, he should neither do one nor the other.

"As you please," said Margaret; and the evening following, with other escort, she attended a dance. The next morning, Margaret saw that a storm was at hand, and she braced herself for its coming.

John said, "I have interests at Jasper Creek. I shall go there to attend to them, and shall be absent some time, perhaps all winter."

"Very well," said Margaret; "you cannot go too soon."

"I shall take Johnny," said he.

Margaret smiled incredulously.

John repeated, "I shall take Johnny."

"Do not think," said she, "to frighten me with an idle threat. Let me at least retain what respect I now have for your good sense. I am not a child, to be frightened into compliance with your wishes."

"It is not an idle threat," returned he; "nor do I appeal to your fears to control your actions. It is my fixed purpose that the boy shall go with me, and I only speak of it that I may not be apparently guilty of the meanness of stealing him away."

Margaret rose to her feet, and said: "Is it possible, that beneath all that show of homely goodness lurks a spirit so mean as to take from a miserable woman all that she has? That child is mine, John Hemming, not yours—not yours. A wanderer and an adventurer, you noted not the weary months of toil I gave to him; the sleepless nights and patient days, when I stood alone, with only him, in a condition more desolate than that of widowhood. Human law is with you, but there is a higher law that will overtake, and, with inexorable clutch, squeeze dry the hearts and lives of those who come in between the mother and the child she has borne."

John was unprepared for this cry of anguish from his wife. For a moment his resolution wavered, but the purpose which had been months in crystallizing, could not easily be shaken. He could but give his reasons for so decided a step, which he did, gently but firmly: "Margaret, we have no thoughts or hopes in common, nor can we labor for a common purpose; hence, it is best we part. It is inevitable; if not to-day, another day. It is a custom of the country that wives from the States shall seek divorces and form new alliances when they come into the mines. I accepted the common fate for you, months since."

Margaret covered her face with her hands, and John continued: "For this, if for no other reason, I go now; but, before I go, let me say, that, conceding your superiority in all things that strike the world, I envy not what you are. Could I, by a mere effort of the will, place myself on a level beside you, the effort would not be made. There is a higher knowledge than comes from books—a better grace than is learned in society. I do not take the boy to be avenged on you; nor because I think you will lead the life of a wanton, for I have no such belief; but because his character is to be formed, and I would not have it developed under your influence, even at your best."

Margaret sank into a chair, and gave way to a flood of tears. When she aroused herself, it was to find that her husband and little Johnny had disappeared. A letter she found, coldly stating that her checks would be honored at the bank for a monthly sum sufficient for her needs.

When Margaret realized that there was a separation, her first impulse was to continue her wayward course of life, but somehow, she could not tell why, the spirit was wanting. Balls were held, but she was not present; and her doors were closed to all visitors. Companionless save her maid-servant of all work, whose stout husband served as warder to her castle, Margaret sat down to consider whether there were things in life that had so far escaped her notice.

John Hemming, at the newly discovered mining-camp of Jasper Creek—busy in the day-time with his mining interests, and in the evening with the recitations of his son, to whom he was teacher (the school-master, in the absence of children at that precinct, being abroad)—tried to think himself happy—tried to think himself content with the inevitable; but the consciousness of the inevitable heals few griefs, and John was sad.

Not sad was little Johnny. Rosy with health, exuberant with the joyous spirits of childhood, idolized by his father, the pet and special care of the packers and miners, life to him so abounded in pleasures that he had no time to grieve for the loneliness of his mother. It is inherent in the nature of man to love children, and Johnny was the recipient of the affections of a camp; and so it was when the days grew short, near the close of the year, and the boy fell sick of the mountain fever, the labors of many were forborne and business was in part suspended, that the miners might sit watching around his sick bed, or stand waiting in the hope of an opportunity to do him service.

Slowly the disease triumphed over health and strength; slowly the lad wasted, until, one evening, at the close of his visit, the doctor called Hemming from the bedside to an adjoining room, and said, with averted face, "Johnny will die." As Hemming returned to the sick-room, Johnny opened his eyes for the first time in twenty-four hours, and said, "... take me to my mother."

"...Johnny," said he, "I will. God ... that I ever took you from ... the beginning of ... into history ... For

shut off. Trails for animals could neither be made nor kept open; and the usual winter method of transit by means of snow-shoes was forbidden by a dense pall of clouds so obscuring the vision, that the hardiest mountaineers deemed it madness to attempt even a five-mile journey over a familiar trail. So, when it was announced that Hemming proposed to carry the sick boy thirty miles across the country to Howe's Flat, the miners said, "It is madness." The doctor—familiar with travel in the mountains, in winter as well as summer—deemed it next to an impossibility for a man to find his way between the two points; and discouraged the attempt, saying, "It matters nothing to Johnny—his stupor will continue, with scarcely any interruption, till death ensues; then why should you peril your life for what, if successful, he cannot appreciate?"

John answered: "It is not for the boy alone; it is due to his mother that I make this attempt. Whether she kiss the living child's lips or I lay down my life, the effort, perhaps, will atone in part for the grievous wrong I did her in taking away her child."

There were not wanting heroic spirits who volunteered to accompany John on his journey; but he sternly forbade.

The preparations for the journey were made with the assistance of many ready hands. Blankets were cut, shaped, and sewed, to shelter and support the boy, and attach him to his father's shoulders; while the champion of the snow-shoe adepts of the district volunteered his favorite pair for John's use, and made them ready by applying his choicest "dope," the composition of which was a well-guarded secret.

When the dawn of Christmas Day appeared, John, with his burden, sallied forth. Hemming was fully conscious of the desperate nature of his undertaking. Thirty miles in a short winter's day, dragging heavy snow-shoes through the moist, yielding, new-fallen snow, and bearing such a burden as he carried, he well knew was sufficient to tax to the utmost the physical powers of the hardiest man.

"Were the perils a thousand times what they are," said John to himself, "still would I venture. She has borne and nurtured the boy, and, if he lives till night, she shall see him once again, alive; or else he and I will sink into these snows, to lie chill and frozen until spring—then to feed the coyotes and buzzards."

Hemming had "raised the hill," as the mountaineers term it, from the bottom of the canon where Jasper Creek lies hid; and now, safety and success were dependent on his always choosing (where the frequent alternative was presented) the ridge which led to Howe's Flat, and avoiding that which led astray; in crossing the numerous ravines at the proper point; and, finally, in making, at or near the proper place, the hazardous descent from the mountain's brow to Howe's Flat in the depth of the canon below. Ever and anon he listened for the troubled breathing of the boy, and sometimes, in his anxiety, he spoke to him; when the faint "Yes, papa," that came from little Johnny's lips, fell on his ear like a knell.

Admonished, at length, by the fast-falling shadows of night, as well as his rapidly waning strength, John determined to make the descent into the canon from the mountain along the brow of which he had for an hour toiled. He felt no certainty that Howe's Flat lay below; indeed, he scarcely dared hope so much. "But what matters it," thought he, "whether we perish on the hill above or in the abyss beneath?"

In the haste of preparation, John had forgotten nothing. He undid from his own waist a wide band, or surcingle; passed it around Johnny and himself, outside of all wrappings, and buckled it as tight as he dared, to prevent the boy being thrown from him in case of accident. He shuddered to think of himself groping for the lad deep-buried in the snow, where a disaster would hurl him.

Hemming was too familiar with the mountains in that vicinity, and with the use of snow-shoes, to attempt to pick his way down the canon's side. There was but one way, and that was, to make a dash. With cautious steps, and rigid muscles, Hemming approached the mountain's brow, and launched himself on its slope. Away he sped, swifter than the torrents of spring, that course down those hill-sides—swifter than the flight of an eagle, as he stoops on his prey. Scarcely seen in advance, and deftly avoided with a skill known only to the adept in the use of snow-shoes, the few scattering trees fled up the steep incline behind him as cloud-shadows course across the plain on an April day—faster and faster. And now the even grade is broken by sheer precipices of ten, fifteen, or twenty feet, over which he rode scarce conscious of the breach of continuity under his feet. With lungs still distended with the breath inhaled at the top, he reached the bottom, the impetus of the descent carrying him far out on the level. With a murmured thanksgiving, John realized that the immediate peril was past. "Whither now?" said he. The anxious question was answered on the instant; for he saw immediately before him, looming out of the mist, the outline of a house, which, as he approached, took upon itself a wondrous familiar look.

Margaret sitting at the window, had for hours gazed out into the gloom—had for hours watched the idle snow-flakes, as they sauntered to earth, and listened for the occasional sough that betokened a rising wind; but her thoughts were elsewhere. Fit time for retrospection! She had once again reviewed her whole past life: had thought of her girlhood; of the days of courtship; of her fierce, tumultuous love for John; of her marriage at eighteen; of her husband's determination to visit California: of his preparation and departure for the land of promise: of the birth of little Johnny, on the day of which this was the tenth anniversary; of her struggles with poverty, while fortune frowned on her husband, sick and destitute in the land of gold; of the days when she earned bread for herself and boy, by school-teaching, whereby was formed the habit of self-reliance; of her persistent self-culture in all matters pertaining to the intellect, the fruitage of which, at her old home, had been, not firm frienships nor warm affections, but envy on the part of women, admiration on that of men; of John's joyous letters, announcing his prosperity in California; of her journey thither; of the glad meeting, and her after bitter disappointment at finding that a great gulf existed between herself and husband—that her tastes, thoughts, and desires were not his—that while her purposes in life were definite and fixed, his were dreamy and uncertain—that while she lived in the world of mind and logic, he lived in the senses and feelings—while the key-note of her character was to *have*, that of his was to *be*. From retrospection to introspection: was she quite secure that her standard of excellence was hi... than that of John? Was it noble... ...point lay ...en admitting ...of life ...her ...uty by him.

...tience with his ideas, driv n him from her side, to seek companionship and social enjoyment elsewhere? She thought of his fidelity to her in the long years of separation—of his endurance of sickness, privation, and suffering—and her heart softened toward him. But then came in the thought of his coldness and neglect for months preceding the parting, and of his taking away the boy; and her heart repented of its momentary weakness. "Still one act of kindness," said she—"one generous deed for my sake, to restore my belief in the nobleness of his nature, to assure me that his love for me has not wholly died out, and I will forget the past and strive for the future. Yes; and putting aside all past convictions, I will study life's great lessons anew. But till then——"

Even as she spoke, the door opened, and John, with his strange burden, entered. Margaret neither spoke nor moved; a great fear and dread laid upon her, and paralyzed every muscle. Hastily, Hemming freed himself from his load, removed the rubber coat and the many blankets that had sheltered and supported the boy, and placed him on her lap. The pale, suffering face lighted up with joy, and, with a glad cry of "Mother! my mother!" he kissed her on the lips and either cheek, clasped his hands about her neck, and rested his head upon her bosom. The mother's arms closed around him, and fondly would she have clasped him there forever; but she felt the hands loose their hold, the limp form weigh heavier in her arms, and she knew that Johnny was with the angels.

Other children have since been born to the house of Hemming, and for them the waters of love flow from the never-failing springs of parental affection. But dearer far than the living is the dead boy who slumbers in the shadow of a giant pine—whose white tombstone gleams out of the night, and over whose grave roses shed their petals and honeysuckles distill their fragrance—whose young life was demanded that the parents might live, and whose memory is to them ever an admonition and benediction.—*Overland Monthly, for June.*

A Raw American.

A WRITER in *Lippincott*, for June, says: London at present abounds in Americans on their way to the Vienna Exposition. Many of them are commissioners from various States. Some have lands to sell or other financial axes to grind. Of such the Langham Hotel is full. The Langham is the nearest approach to an American hotel in London. There, though a guest, you may pass in and out without explaining to the hall-porter who you are, what you are, where you come from, or what you want; you may there enter and retire without giving your pedigree, naturalization papers, or a certificate of good character. At other English hotels something analogous to this is commonly required.

We, who have been in England a full year, look down with an air of superiority on the raw, the newly-arrived American. We are quite English. We have worn out our American clothes. We have on English hats with tightly-curled rims, and English stub-toed boots. We know the intricacies of London street navigation, and Islington, Blackfriars, Camden Town, Hackney, the "Surrey Side," Piccadilly, Regent, and Oxford streets, the Strand and Fleet street, are all mapped out distinctly in our mind's eye. We are skilled in English money, and no longer pass off half-crowns for two-shilling pieces. We are real Anglo-Americans.

But the raw American, only arrived a week, is in a maze, a confusion, a hurry. He is excited and mystified. He tries to appear cool and unconcerned, and is simply ridiculous. His cards, bearing his name, title, and official status, he distributes as freely as doth the winter wind the snow-flakes. Inquire at the Langham office for Mr. Smith, and you find he has blossomed into General Smith.

He is always partaking or about to partake of official dinners. He feels that the eyes of all England are upon him. He is dressed *a la* bandbox—hat immaculate in its pristine gloss, white cravat, umbrella of the slimmest encased in silken wrapper. A speck of mud on his boots would tarnish the national honor. Commonly he is taken for a head butler. He drinks much stout. He eats a whitebait dinner before being forty-eight hours in London, and tells of it. All this makes him feel English.

You meet him. He is overjoyed. He would talk of everything—your mutual experience in America, his sensations and impressions since arriving in England. He talks intelligibly of nothing. His brain is a mere rag bag, shreddy, confused, parti-colored. Thus he empties it: "Passage over rough;" "London wonderful;" "Dined with the Earl of —— yesterday;" "Dine with Sir —— to-day;" "To the Tower;" "Westminster;" "New York growing;" "Saint Paul's"—going, going, gone! and he shakes hands with you, and is off at a Broadway gait straight towards the East End of London for his hotel, which lies at the West End.

In reality, the man is not in his right mind. He is undergoing the mental acclimatization fever. Should he stay in London for three months, he might recover and begin to find out where he is. But six months hence he will have returned to America, fancying he has seen London, Paris, Rome, Geneva, Vienna, and whatever other places his body has been hurried through, not his mind; for that, in the excitement and rapidity of his flight, has streamed behind him like the tail of a comet, light, attenuated, vapory, catching nothing, absorbing nothing.

Occasionally this fever takes an abusive phase. He finds in England nothing to like, nothing to admire. Sometimes he wishes immediately to revolutionize the government. He is incensed at the cost of royalty. He sees on every side indications of political upheaval. Or he becomes culinarily disgusted. Because there are no buckwheat cakes, no codfish cakes, no hot bread, no pork and beans, no mammoth oysters, stewed, fried, and roasted, he can find nothing fit to eat. The English cannot cook. Because he can find no noisy, clattering, dish-smashing restaurant, full of acrobatic waiters racing and balancing under immense piles of plates, and shouting jargon untranslatable, unintelligible, and unpronounceable, down into the lower kitchen, he cannot, cannot eat.

THE barn-yard is the farmer's main dependence for manure. The yard should be freely littered, the stalls cleaned out regularly and their contents distributed evenly over the yard. Plaster should be scattered over the yard every week or two. All stock ought to be induced to remain in the yard when not stabled. A little hay or fodder will make them fond of the yard. The yard ought to be securely enclosed and a cistern at the end of the barn, of suitable size, will furnish a large quantity of water f...

Modern Criticism.

A RECENT article in *Temple Bar*, upon the last volume of Forster's "Life of Dickens," displays a spirit of vulture-like criticism which is but a fair sample of what genius and a life-long waste of vital force may expect at the hands of modern censorship. That Forster's "Life of Dickens" should never have seen the light is a conclusion which every man who loved the spirit that gave to airy nothing such beautiful forms and shapes will readily admit. It has robbed our cherished idol of its charm, and laid bare all the weaknesses and follies to which genius has ever been subject, and to which this man proved no exception. Setting aside "Boswell's Life of Johnson," "Lockhart's Life of Scott," and a few of the minor biographies, nearly all of those who have attempted to give us a picture of the man of genius as he walked upon this earth have succeeded mainly in impressing us with his littleness and his vanity. In Moore's "Life of Byron" the letters are the veriest twaddle; in Russell's Life of Moore" we are forced to the conclusion that the author of the enchanting melodies was nothing better than a little snob, and had the life of Shakespeare ever seen the light, we make no doubt the "greatest interpreter" the world ever saw would have lived in history as a petty trickster, or an unprincipled debauchee. Mr. Forster, in raising up his idol and worshiping him, has cast him down. We thank him as Othello thanked Iago. He has broken our faith in novels, and shattered our belief in novelists; but however great may be his literary crime, it is nothing compared with the vindictive, merciless, and utterly uncalled for rancor with which the unknown critic in *Temple Bar* scatters his venom over the ashes of the dead novelist. Of all the men who ever gave up the hours of sleep to the creation of puppets wherewith to amuse the world, Charles Dickens deserves, whatever were his faults, the love and gratitude of his countrymen. And now, at this time of day, long after the people of England and the United States have passed their judgment upon these inimitable works, comes forth some conceited offshoot of a university and throws the ungenerous taunt upon our verdict that our magician was not a man of letters. We are almost tempted to say we are very glad of it, because had he carried about him an Oxford degree the chances are he would have sacrificed the freshness and beauty of his innate humor and feeling to a constant fear of offending some narrow-minded and classical model. He followed the bent of his heaven-born genius. He has been the delight of our firesides and of our solitary hours. The sting of envious malice cannot harm him now, and the chatterings of little men "pass by us as the idle wind, which we regard not."—*Inter-Ocean.*

The Ear.

LET me describe what is probably the most frequent way in which the ear is impaired; that is, by the attempt to clean it. It ought to be understood that the passage of the ear does not require cleaning by us. Nature undertakes that task, and in the healthy state fulfills it perfectly. Her means for cleaning the ear is the wax. Perhaps the reader has never wondered what becomes of the ear-wax. I will tell him. It dries up into thin, fine scales, and these peel off, one by one, from the surface of the passage, and fall out imperceptibly, leaving behind them a perfectly clean, smooth surface. In health the passage of the ear is never dirty; but, if we attempt to clean it we infallibly make it so. Here—by a strange lack of justice, as it would seem, which, however, has no doubt, a deep justice at the bottom—the best people, those who love cleanliness, suffer most, and good and careful nurses do a mischief negligent ones avoid. Washing the ear out with soap and water is bad: it keeps the wax moist, when it ought to be dry and scaly, increases its quantity unduly, and makes it absorb the dust with which the air always abounds. But the most hurtful thing is introducing the corner of the towel, screwed up, and twisting it round. This does more harm to the ears than all the other mistakes together. It drives down the wax upon the membrane, much more than it gets out. Let any one who doubts this make a tube like the passage, especially with the curves which it possesses; let him put a thin membrane at one end, smear the surface with a substance like the ear wax, and then try to get it out so by a towel. But this plan does much more mischief than merely pressing down the wax. It irritates the passages, and makes it cast off small flakes of skin, which dry up and become extremely hard, and these are also hardly pressed down upon the membrane. Often it is not only deafness that ensues, but pain and inflammation, and then matter is formed which the hard mass prevents from escaping, and the membrane becomes diseased and worse may follow.

Washing should extend only to the outer surface, as far as the finger can reach. It is a bad practice, also, to put cotton wool soaked in laudanum or chloroform into the ear for the relief of earache. When a child's ear becomes painful, as it often does, everything should be done to soothe it, and all strong, irritating applications should be avoided. Pieces of hot fig or onion should not be put in, but warm flannels should be applied, with poppy fomentation, if the pain does not soon subside.

It should be remembered that constantly covering up the ear is adapted to injure it. On the whole, men, in whom the ear is habitually exposed, suffer, if anything, less from ear disease than women, in whom, it is often covered.—*Popular Science Monthly, for June.*

The East India Company.

AFTER the manner of certain celebrated historical characters, who, having played a great part on the world's stage, pass away almost unnoticed in garrets, rustic retreats, or foreign lands, a mighty commercial corporation is at this moment moribund, with few to heed or care for its humiliating fate. No one, after Macaulay's splendid essay on Warren Hastings, can pretend ignorance of the glories of the East India Company, which for more than a century ruled a continent embracing more than one hundred and fifty million souls, built a new London on the banks of the Ganges whose population now exceeds a million, showered immense wealth upon its very clerks, subjugated princes who traced their lineage back to the times of the Biblical patriarchs, and conferred on England the largest empire and the most extensive commerce which any alien nation has ever possessed by dominion over another. A few weeks ago a few lugubrious gentlemen met, with solemn faces, in a small room, in a small London street, to "wind up the concern." They were the last lingering heirs of the great East India Company; and they met to accept the terms of the English Government, whereby they receive a goodly ... their stock, in exchange giv... ...le to the inheritance ...

pany is about to be merged into the British Government. India will henceforth be governed, not from Leadenhall street, by a portly and rubicund committee of directors, but from Downing street, by Her Majesty's Secretary of State for India. The Governor-General will be responsible to the home government alone; and the great monopoly, which for so long gave one corporation the opportunities of deriving wealth from the wonderful Oriental peninsula, is broken down finally and forever.—*Appletons' Journal.*

Ride in a Paper Balloon.

DONALDSON, the irrepressible, the intrepid aerial gymnast, has again astonished his neighbors and fellow-citizens. On Saturday morning he telegraphed to Mr. John D. Mishler, from Bethlehem, from which place he had made an ascension on Thursday evening, that he would make an ascension in his paper balloon, "John D. Mishler," on Saturday afternoon, from Reading. He arrived in this city on the 1:50 New York train from Bethlehem, in the afternoon, and immediately commenced preparations for the inflation and ascension.

The paper balloon "John D. Mishler," has been manufactured for some time. It is made of the same material as that in which goods are wrapped, and of course it is very frail in its structure. The Professor has made several attempts, and had met with so many reverses from windy and wet weather, that it was doubtful if this attempt would prove successful. However, the word fail or cowardice are unknown in the Donaldson vocabulary, and consequently the preliminary preparations were commenced. Meanwhile several thousand people had assembled in Penn Square. The process of inflation was somewhat slow, and the condensation of gas after the sun had gone down added somewhat to the detention, but at fifteen minutes past seven everything being in readiness, the command "let go" was given, and the balloon rose gracefully and majestically. Prof. Donaldson was seated in the rigging, having dispensed with the basket and appurtenances, which could not be carried along.

He rose to a considerable height, and sailed in an almost direct southerly direction. The balloon presented a grand appearance in the departing rays of the sun, which had just set when he left the earth. It was visible for about fifteen minutes, and appeared to be almost stationary, the wind having lulled to an apparent calm. At intervals he waved his handkerchief, and was greeted with hearty and prolonged cheers from the enthusiastic thousands of lookers-on. He landed fifteen minutes before 8 o'clock, in a field about ten miles from Reading. The landing was accomplished successfully, and with but little difficulty, although the balloon was much torn and was left on the field. Not being able to obtain a conveyance, he had to walk back to Reading, arriving here a few minutes before 11 o'clock.

For the first time in his life, Prof. Donaldson witnessed two sunsets in one evening, the first before he had left *terra firma*, and the second after he had gone beyond the clouds. The latter he describes as beautiful beyond description.

This is the first paper balloon ascension by an aeronaut on record. Although it proved successful, and was the cheapest ascension in a pecuniary sense that could be made, Prof. Donaldson has no desire to repeat it—not for fear of the safety of the ascension, but because of the frail character of the balloon, and the almost certainty of its destruction in making a landing.

The weight of the "John D. Mishler" was forty-eight pounds, being but half that of the ordinary balloon of a similar capacity. It held 14,000 cubic feet of gas. The ... of the paper used in the construction amounted to $2.50.—*Reading Times.*

Four at a Birth.

Indiana, long notorious as one of the peculiar homes of divorce, has recently shown some symptoms of sentimental blacksliding, to which the attention of political economists should be called without delay. About three months ago four pretty "little strangers" suddenly came to bless a poor family in Tippecanoe County, and are yet doing all they can to shed benefactions and sleepless nights in the home of their nativity. The people of the county, with a touch of kindliness which will set all nature in accord with them, have presented the following noteworthy petition to the Governor:

WHEREAS, The undersigned have been recently informed that Mrs Samuel Smith, wife of Samuel Smith, of the County of Tippecanoe, in the State of Indiana, recently gave birth to four children at one time, all of whom are now living; and

WHEREAS, Such a memorable case is worthy of public recognition; therefore, be it

Resolved, That the attention of the Governor of the State of Indiana is respectfully called to this unprecedented case, and that he is hereby requested to take such proper steps in regard thereto, through our Senators and Representatives in Congress, as will secure an appropriation to the father and mother, and to each of said children, of one section of land

Resolved, further, That a certified copy of these resolutions be forwarded to the Governor of the State of Indiana.

J. S. STOCKTON,
CHAS KURTZ,
J. K. McMILLEN,
Commissioners Tippecanoe County.

A Misguided Book Agent.

A BOOK agent entered the open door of a snug Pittsfield, Mass., cottage one day last week, and nodding to a trim, bright-looking little woman who sat sewing by the window, commenced volubly to descant on the merits of a great work which he was for the first time giving mankind an opportunity to purchase. It was a universal biography, cook book, dictionary, family physician, short-hand instructor, and contained, besides, a detailed history of every important event that has transpired in the world from the apple incident and Adam's fall to Credit Mobilier and the fall of Congress. The work contained 5,000 chapters, all with running titles. The agent, after talking on the general excellences of the volume about five minutes, commenced on the headings of those chapters and as the woman did not say a word to interrupt him he felt that he was making a conquest, and he rattled away so that she shouldn't have a chance to say "no. It took him nearly half an hour, and as he breathlessly went on the sweat started on his forehead, and he made convulsive grasps at his collar, and when he finished he had hardly strength enough left to put on a bewitching smile and hand her his ready pen wherewith to subscribe her name in the order book. She took the pen, but instead of putting her autograph on his list she lifted a scrap of paper from her work-box and wrote in plain letters: "IME DEFE AND DUM." He said not a word, but the unutterable things that he looked, as he turned to the door, would fill a library.—*Exchange.*

MEN have different spheres. It is f... some to evolve great moral truths... heavens evolve stars, to gui... on the sea and the traveler on... and it is for some, like the... traveler, simply to be ga...

Host and Guest.

WE Americans are by no means such a visiting people as our cousins over the water. In those great feudal houses of England, each one of which is a stack of villages in itself, it is supposable that the dwellers might just fall short of death by loneliness without their circle of guests, while in our little houses we more frequently fall short of death by the guests. And whether it is the fault of the house or the fault of the guest is an open question among us still.

It is possible, however, that the difficulty may be quite equally distributed, for there are three things that make hospitality a burden—a little house, a churlish host, an exacting guest. And there are unbearable varieties of all these. There is the guest who comes days after the appointed time; the guest who encroaches on the time of the next guest; the wretched guest who dares to fall ill; the guest who demands all there is and more too. There is the host who welcomes the coming, but forgets to speed the parting guest; the host who vexes the patience of his visitors with his attentions; the host who cries, "Good Lord, here comes that terrible Queen of Sheba with her conundrums!—Ah! my dear Sheba, how glad I am to see you!"

Of late years a great disposition to adopt all the English ways in our power has been evincing itself among us, ranging from ecclesiology to ragged schools; and we have become quite unwilling to let the sea and the distance filter away such portions as it might be to our advantage to lose. Because our cousins use the word "nasty" for every variety of unpleasant thing, and the word "nice" for every variety of the pleasant thing, our whole conversational vocabulary bids fair to simmer itself down to these two adjectives. We hear of nice men and nice manners, and nice dogs and nice dainties, and we hear of a nasty day and a nasty sermon. "Mrs. Mayfair," said a young lady who affected this style, the other day, speaking of a person whose mouth was never soiled with any thing worse than the cutting repartee just given to the young lady—"Mrs. Mayfair does say the nastiest things!"

Among all these Anglican affectations there is one which is a way of receiving guests, and according to which we let them severely alone. Having heard that our foreign cousins, when their houses are full of people, pursue their previous avocations uninterruptedly, and leave their company to follow their own sweet wills, we at once think that nothing can be more elegant than a similar proceeding; and having invited our solitary guest, we leave her, as if it were honor and delight enough to be in our house at all, to take care of herself as she can. Our house consists of a drawing-room, a dining-room and kitchen, and the sleeping apartments. Perhaps we live in the city, and have no grounds about the house; perhaps we live in the country where people can stroll across the fields if they will, and if they are not afraid of the cattle there. We have a piano; we have a few books—not, it is probable, the very newest. Our pictures are soon exhausted; and when we coolly inform our friends that we are off to a committee meeting of the Society for Supplying the Tahitians with Parasols, and hope she will enjoy herself in our absence, or leisurely walk up stairs for our afternoon nap, or withdraw with our favorite book, we simply leave her in a condition where she might almost as well be in the Desert of Sahara.

The natural corollary of this demonstration is not that in order to have the pleasure of entertaining company one must have suits of rooms for various enjoyments, a library, a billiard-room, a drawing-room, a retinue of servants, a half dozen of horses, and a dozen guests at once; but that, having a guest at all, our house and we ourselves are hers as long as she stays; and if we have invited into our house a person accustomed to a rich and better order of things than that prevailing there, it is all the more imperative upon us to accord her the absolute devotion of ourselves.

But, on the other hand, we must admit that guests have some duties of their own as well, which, frequently as they are assured of it, it will do no harm to reiterate in a few words. And the first lesson is that it is a duty not to be guests at all unless they are very sure of their ground, always remembering when invited that any day means no day.

But, once guests, although their host may serve them with Oriental hospitality, and be at their feet with all that hosts should render, it is their place to remember that, when all is done, they still are not in a hotel; that it is a necessary politeness to ascertain the household hours if possible; that it is no property of their part to set up hours of their own for rising or retiring, feasting or fasting; and, of all things, that it is their role to so conduct themselves that every servant in the house shall not give warning on account of them—very simple directions on their face, but, judging from the general failure to follow them, very impossible to practice. Indeed, a guest can do nothing better than to understand that in receiving a cordial welcome the gates of the inner penetralium of another's home have been set open to them, and that so great a compliment deserves at least the acknowledgment of an attempt at assimilation with the family, and of a modest and unexacting behavior.—*Harper's Bazar.*

A Wife at Auction.

ABOUT a week ago a widow woman named Gathner, living in the Sixth Ward, met a male acquaintance on Gratiot street, and complained to him that she was out of flour and wood, and almost discouraged. He told her she ought to marry again, and she said she couldn't find a husband. "I'll sell you at auction," he continued, "and we'll put in a proviso that the highest bidder shall court you for a week in order that you may know him." The woman laughingly consented and the man mounted a box and be... crying out. A crowd assembled, an... stated the facts in the case, saying... had known her for years; kn... industrious and of good ch... then he opened the sale. ... lively, and everybody was in g... In the crowd was an o... Peter D. Joslyn, boar... and he was the only ... joke as a real fact... from 43c to $5, ... The auctioneer cried ... figure, and the widow ... down." Joslyn handed ... agreed to the proviso, ... the whole crowd, no... thought that a marria... One did, however, ta... ly, after the provis... ...